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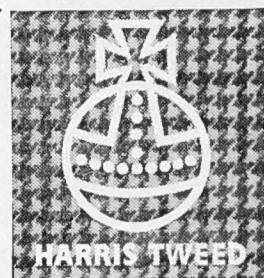
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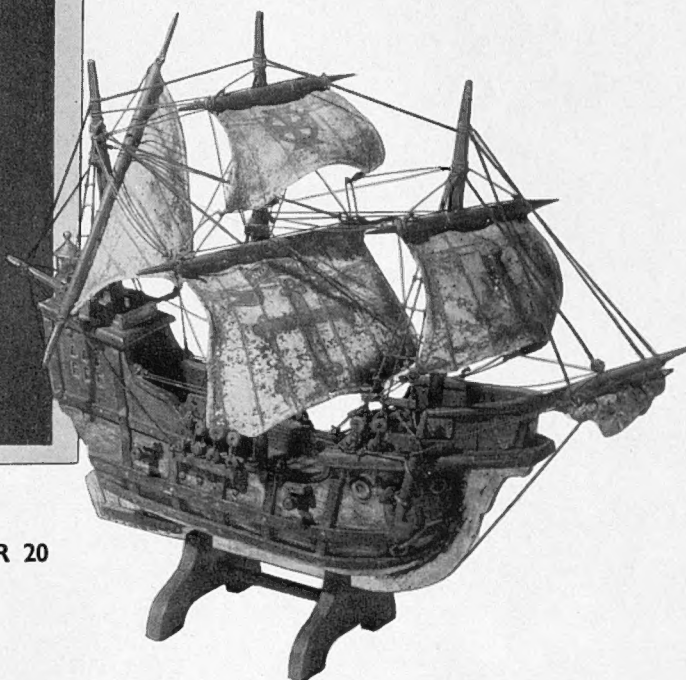
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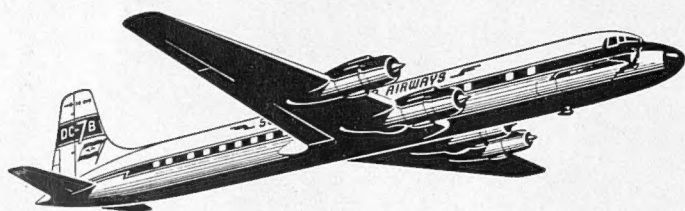
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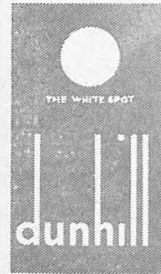
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STOCKISTS



MISS MARGOT MAXWELL is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Maxwell, of Westbury, Long Island, U.S.A., and 42 Hill Street, W.I. She was one of the American debutantes presented to the Queen by the wife of the American Ambassador, Mrs. John H. Whitney. Miss Maxwell came to England with her parents four years ago and has attended school at Ascot and in Paris. She shared a dance with Miss Heather McMullen in July at the Hyde Park Hotel

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 4 to September 11

Sept. 4 (Wed.) Third day of the Farnborough Air Display (ends 8th), Farnborough, Hampshire.
Highland Games at Aboyne.

Romsey Agricultural and Horse Show at Broadlands Park.

Southern Counties Canine Association Championship Dog Show at Hove.

Racing at Bath and Lincoln: steeplechasing at Newton Abbot.

Sept. 5 (Thu.) The Queen attends the Royal Braemar Gathering, Braemar, Aberdeenshire.

Harewood Three Day Horse Trials (to 7th), Harewood, Yorkshire.

Harrogate Flower and Horse Show (to 7th), The Stray, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Bucks County Show, Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury.

New Forest Pony Sales, Beaulieu Road, Hampshire.

Racing at Bath and Lincoln: steeplechasing at Newton Abbot.

Sept. 6 (Fri.) City of Birmingham Show (two days), Handsworth Park, Birmingham.

Dance: Mrs. George Carpenter-Garnier for Miss Jacqueline Carpenter-Garnier, at Beverley, Wickham, Hampshire.

The Aboyne Ball, Aberdeenshire.

Racing at Kempton Park and Manchester: steeplechasing at Newton Abbot.

Sept. 7 (Sat.) Bath Horse Show, Bath, Somerset.

Pitlochry Highland Games, Pitlochry, Perthshire.

Children's Swimming Gala at the Hurlingham Club.
Dance: Lady Ropner for Miss Merle Ropner, at Thorp Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire.

Racing at Kempton Park, Manchester and Newcastle: steeplechasing at Newton Abbot and Stratford-on-Avon.

Sept. 8 (Sun.)

Sept. 9 (Mon.) Croquet: President's Cup (to 14th), at Roehampton.

Racing at Warwick: steeplechasing at Folkestone and Southwell.

Sept. 10 (Tue.) Doncaster Yearling Sales (to 13th).
Lawn Tennis: Junior Championships at Hurlingham Club (two days).

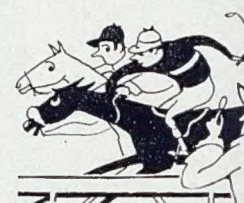
First Night: *The Entertainer* at the Palace Theatre.
Dance: Mrs. Maitland Makgill Crichton, of Monzie, for Miss Veronica Maitland Makgill Crichton, at Monzie Castle, Perthshire.

Racing at Doncaster: steeplechasing at Folkestone.

Sept. 11 (Wed.) Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo (to 14th), Woolwich, London.

Great Championship Dog Show at Bournemouth.

Racing at Doncaster (The St. Leger): steeplechasing: Devon and Exeter



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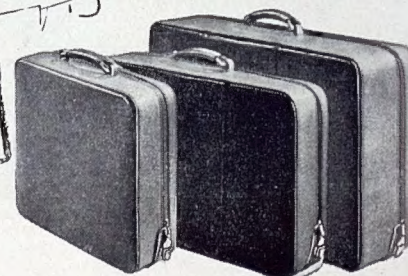
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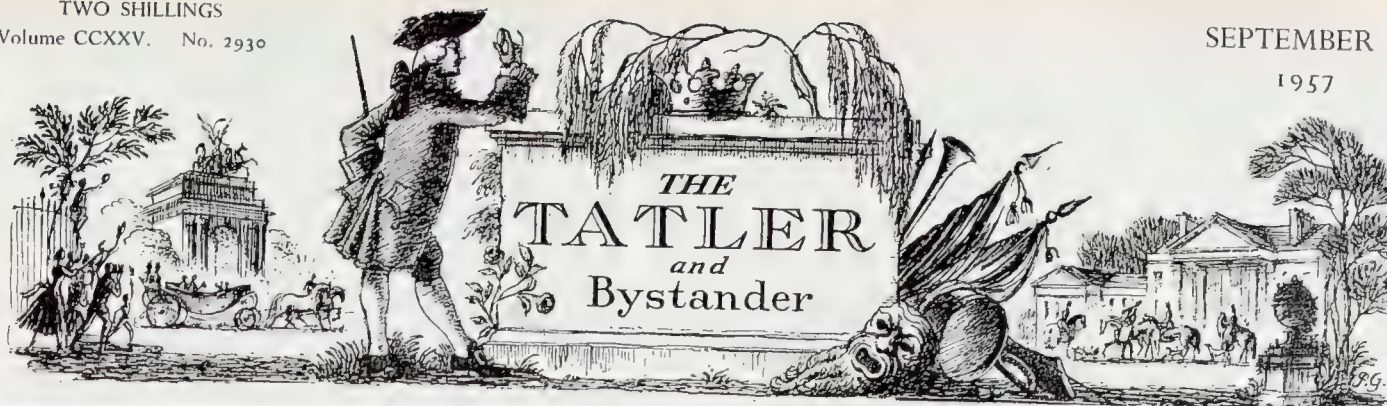
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Conversation piece in Chelsea

MR. AND THE HON. MRS. MICHAEL PAYNE are seen with their children, Karina, who is three, and Ashley, who is a year old. Before her marriage Mrs. Payne was the Hon. Joan

Spring Rice, daughter of the fifth Lord Monteagle of Brandon. Mr. Payne served with the 8th Hussars during the war, and won the M.C. The Paynes live in Lincoln Street, Chelsea



Mr. Timothy Rathbone, Mr. John Mackinnon and Miss Carol Martineau



Mr. Robert Wallace-Turner and Miss Tessa Ruscoe in the fairy-lit garden

Miss Gay Gilchrist talking to Mr. Craig Harvey

Miss Susan Whitaker and Mr. Simon Ashton

A HAMPSHIRE DANCE

MRS. COMAR WILSON gave a coming-out dance for her second daughter, Miss Jessica Wilson (above), at Oakley Manor, the Wilsons' house near Basingstoke. This was one of the last dances of the season



Mr. David Bailey, H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent and Mr. Dominic Elliott



Miss Fiona Sheffield and the Hon. Timothy Jessel



Miss Elisabeth Grimston and Capt. George Wiggin



Van Hallan

AT HOME IN SCOTLAND

MR. AND MRS. BRUCE ISMAY CHEAPE are seen with their children, Hugh, Angus, Patrick, and one-year-old Bridget, at their house Fossoway Lodge, Kinross. Mrs. Cheape is the daughter of Sir Archibald James, and of Mrs. Miller of Fossoway Castle, Isle of Mull



Norton-Pratt

Social Journal

Jennifer

RACING IN THE NORTH

AFTER Royal Ascot, the York Autumn Meeting is always quite the most social race meeting of the year. This summer perhaps one could say it was the centre of Yorkshire's little season as the festivities carried over ten days. There were two débutante dances just before the race meeting, the Sinnington Hunt Ball in the middle of the week, another débutante ball at the end of race week, and numerous cocktail parties. All this meant more house-parties than usual in the district. The race meeting is always a most enjoyable one, being superbly run by directors—Lord Irwin is the present chairman—who each year put all profits back into the racecourse. This has been the policy at York since racing first took place on the Knavesmire in 1731.

The present Clerk of the Course, Major L. Petch, is a wizard at organizing a meeting, and always ready to go ahead with improvements. This year they include a new stand and totalisator building in the Paddock, new refreshment rooms and bars, and new covered accommodation for five thousand in the cheaper enclosure. The Private Stand, painted white with bands of deep pink and saxe blue, looked very gay with its many pink geraniums along the front, which also hung in baskets from the roof. The catering arrangements are always excellent here and in spite of the big crowd it is possible to get a drink with ease between races, and the menus for luncheon are outstandingly good with hot and cold food, and include recently shot grouse. The York executive always offer big prize money for the races which attracts many of the best horses in training and provides an interesting card each day. This year the Ebor Handicap was worth over ten thousand pounds to the winner, while even the fourth in this race came in for prize money and received over three hundred pounds! The following race, the Voltigeur Stakes, was worth over eight thousand pounds to the winner. Happily, neither prize went out of the country. There was tremendous cheering all along the Knavesmire on the opening day when H.M. the Queen's beautiful home-bred Alycidon

filly, Almeria, won the Yorkshire Oaks in the most convincing style. She was turned out by her trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, looking a picture and there was any amount of admiration for her in the unsaddling enclosure from knowledgeable horsemen.

THERE WAS as usual much entertaining in the boxes and private luncheon rooms. I saw the Princess Royal there each day watching the racing from her box, the second day looking charming in a sapphire blue ensemble. The Countess of Scarborough I met and three of her daughters, Lady Anne Ridley, Lady Lily Serena Lumley, the youngest and only unmarried one, and Lady Elizabeth Beckett who, with her husband Lt.-Col. the Hon. Christopher Beckett, was home on leave for a couple of weeks from Germany where Lt.-Col. Beckett commands the 9th Lancers. His father Lord Grimthorpe, looking very well after a stay at their lovely villa in Italy, was there with Lady Grimthorpe, and I met Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills who were all staying with Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Woodhouse. Sir William and Lady Worsley had a party of young friends of their daughter Katherine at Hovingham, including the Hon. Janet Hamilton and Miss Jennifer Mackinnon. Lord and Lady Derwent, the latter looking very chic the second day in a purple dress and purple ostrich feather hat, were accompanied by their only son, the Hon. Robin Johnstone and his very attractive French-born wife, who wore a long coat of palest blue and white broderie anglaise and a little pale blue hat. They were over for a fortnight from Paris where he works in our Embassy, and the last evening at York races Lord and Lady Derwent were entertaining about two hundred tenants, employees and their wives at Hackness Hall, their lovely home near Scarborough, to celebrate their son's marriage last January. Sir Richard and Lady Sykes brought their house party from Sledmere, including Lord Belper, Lord Plunket, the Hon.

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Xandra Drummond Moray and her sister Miss Gina Drummond Moray, who came out this year

Senor Rafael Muguiri with Senorita Pilar Guell



Miss Angela Thompson and Mr. John Coutts-Duffus



Lady Weeks greets Lord Weeks off the plane

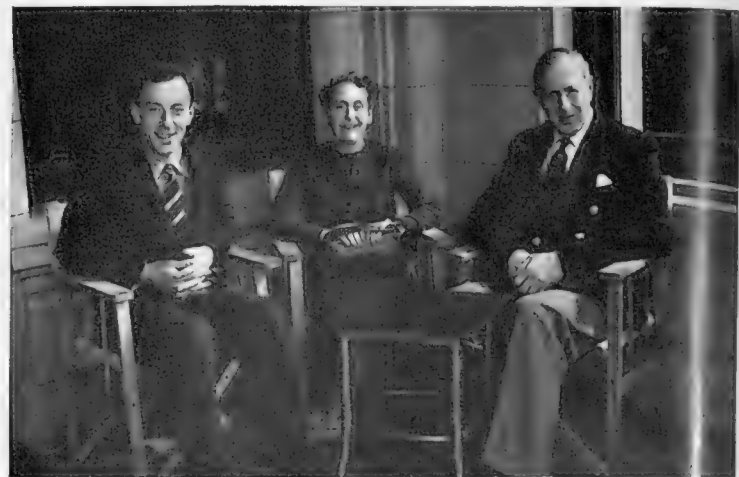


Countess Hardwicke with Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips

*The
TATLER
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SEPT. 4,
1957
412*



Miss Rosemary Brasnett with her fiance, Mr. George Rothman, and their holiday companions



Mr. R. J. Gluckstein with his father and mother, Sir Louis and Lady Gluckstein

Katharine Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne and the Hon. Jakey Astor. Major Gordon Foster, for many years Master of the Sinnington Hounds, a wonderful judge of a horse and a much loved and respected personality in Yorkshire, and Mrs. Foster had friends to luncheon each day, as did the Earl and Countess of Feversham.

The Earl of Rosebery, who had several runners at the meeting, was present, also his daughter Lady Helen Vivian Smith and his débutante granddaughter Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith who has the family love of horses. I met Lord Howard de Walden, Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, Mrs. Penn Curzon-Herrick whose husband was one of the stewards of the meeting, her brother and sister-in-law Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Lady Biddulph, the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester who were staying with Capt. the Hon. David and Mrs. Bethell, and Lord and Lady Manton, the latter looking most attractive each day in beautifully cut suits (they had a winner the first day). I found Baroness Burton in great form, doing the meeting from Harrogate, as were Mrs. Durham Matthews, the Hon. Lady Hardy and Lord Graves. Also Lord and Lady Shuttleworth, the Hon. Charles Stourton and his very attractive wife (they had his brother-in-law and sister Mr. Petre Crowder, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Crowder staying with them at Allerton), Cdr. Scott-Miller, M.P., and his wife who were staying with Mrs. Brotherton, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring, Lady Watson, Mr. Michael Foster, Mr. Jackie Thursby, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon who came in for a nice surplus when her horse Arona was second in the big two-year-old selling race at the meeting, Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait wearing one of her gayest hats of palest mauve ostrich feathers, Lady Barber, Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster who had several runners.

COL. AND MRS. NIGEL WEATHERALL had her mother Mrs. Drabble and Mr. and Mrs. William Weatherall staying for the meeting. I also saw Col. and Mrs. Tony Cooke, Mr. Peter Butler and his brother John who was flying over to Deauville the following weekend, Mrs. Starling, those two pretty girls Miss Rose Lycett Green and Miss Virginia Cayley who both have homes in Yorkshire, and Mr. George and Lady Cecilia Howard who gave a very enjoyable cocktail party at Castle Howard on the first evening of the meeting. The Marquess of Zetland was there, also his daughters Lady Viola Dundas and Lady Jean Christie and her husband Mr. Hector Christie whose father Mr. William Christie of Jervaulx Abbey is rising ninety-eight years old and who was racing each day with his wife. I saw the

In the photographs of the Bal de la Mer at Monte Carlo in our issue of August 21, the dinner companion of Mr. Aristotle Onassis should have been given as Mrs. Tony Martin, not Mme. Hartir, while the Archduchess of Austria, not Mrs. Gould, was accompanying H.E. II Hamyd Pasha. We much regret these errors and offer our apologies to those concerned.

BY LOCH AND BRAE

GLENEAGLES HOTEL was full this year of holidaymakers enjoying their vacation playing golf or swimming, or simply relaxing amid the beauty of one of Scotland's most lovely districts



Lord and Lady Cornwallis were two others who went north

Earl of Drogheda with his stepdaughter Mrs. Ian Coward, Lady Serena James, the Hon. Lady Parkinson, Major and Mrs. Roger Ingham, Cdr. and Mrs. David Lycett Green, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, Col. John Courage and his daughter Angela, Mrs. Edward Lane-Fox, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, Viscount Lambton, the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, Lord and Lady Carnegie, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Benson down from Northumberland, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Mrs. Read and her son Major Michael Mould who had recently been appointed second-in-command of the Yorkshire Yeomanry, Lord Crawshaw, Capt. Gosling who got the tote double on the opening day, Mr. Victor Hoare, and Mr. W. Humble who won the valuable Voltigeur Stakes with Brioche who then became favourite for the St. Leger to be run at Doncaster next week.

Many young people were also racing, many of them having enjoyed the two dances given on the eve of race week. The first one of these was given jointly by Mrs. Charles Brotherton and Mrs. Percy Legard or their débutante daughters Miss Anne Brotherton and Miss Sarah Legard. This took place at Mrs. Brotherton's delightful home Kirkham Abbey, where a very large marquee lined with pink, lavender and blue ruched muslin was built out over the garden for dancing. Little tables were arranged around the dance floor and there was plenty of sitting-out space in the drawing-room and other sitting-rooms. Many guests were interested to see the trophies, some were in the lining-room, won by Mrs. Brotherton's steeplechasers. Among her victories is the Grand National which she won in 1950 with Freebooter. Soon after midnight a night club was opened in the cellar where amusing murals had been drawn around the walls by Col. Percy Legard, who was also playing his drums down here for dancing. Both girls looked charming as they stood with their mothers at the entrance to the big marquee receiving the guests—Anne in a bluey green taffeta dress and Sarah in white. This was a very good party which went on until the not-so-early-hours of the morning.

THE second dance was given the following night by Mrs. Joe Goodhart for her very attractive only daughter Miss Diana Goodhart in the most lovely setting, as Capt. and Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell kindly lent their beautiful Newburgh Priory for the occasion. As guests approached up the drive with its beech trees and yews, they had a wonderful picture of the famous and historical priory with its black and white door, which was beautifully floodlit. Part of the priory, which was used by the Augustinian canons, dates back to 1150. Clever floodlighting was also used for the other side of the priory which looked even more beautiful, and guests were able to enjoy this as they strolled out on the lawns of the rose garden. Here again a marquee with the same attractive ruched lining had been built out for dancing, a delicious buffet supper was arranged in the long dining-room where many fine ancestral portraits hanging on the walls included one of the Earl of Fanconberg in 1756. The Black



A. V. Swaabe

The Earl of Hardwicke enjoying a game

Gallery and the Justice Room were among the rooms used for sitting out. Lovely flowers were arranged in the marquee and all the rooms, and where Mrs. Goodhart and Diana received their guests, two vases of white flowers on pedestals stood out against a dark red background.

Diana looked enchanting in a long, full skirted dress with a vee-shaped top of ice blue satin with a tiny spray of flowers in a deeper blue. Mrs. Goodhart also looked most attractive in a deeper shade of sapphire blue satin. Col. Goodhart and their son Joe were both there to help look after the guests at this very good party which went with a tremendous swing from the start. Capt. and Mrs. Wombwell not only generously lent the priory for the dance, but also had a house party in the delightful house they live in, full of lovely treasures, in the grounds of the priory.

Among the other kind friends who were entertaining house parties or dinner parties for one or both of these two dances were the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Galliers-Pratt, Viscountess Ingleby whose attractive débutante daughter, the Hon. Mary-Rose Peake, I noticed dancing, Lord and Lady Downe, Col. and Mrs. V. H. Holt, Capt. and Mrs. T. Fuller at Douthwaite, Cdr. and Mrs. David Lycett Green, Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner who are giving a dance for their débutante daughter Merle at their home next Friday, at the end of the Harewood Three Day Event, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. J. Lane-Fox at Bramham Park, Brig. and Mrs. Swetenham, Sir William and Lady Worsley, Col. and Mrs. Behrens, Col. and Mrs. C. Dawnay, and Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Barker; while Mrs. Brotherton, Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard, and Col. and Mrs. Goodhart, of course, all had big parties of young people staying too. Among the young guests I saw dancing were Lady Clarissa Duncombe who came over from Nawton Tower with her cousin Mr. Ben Worthington, Miss Fiona Sheffield, and the Hon. James Ogilvy. Also Miss Virginia Makins dancing with Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Miss Eve Greenwell, Mr. Edward Lane-Fox, Mr. Simon Gibson, Miss Joanna Smithers, Mr. Harry Renwick, Miss Jennifer Daw, Miss Karen Player, Mr. Tim Miesegas, Miss Patsy Johnson, a delightful and pretty girl who came down from Scotland, Mr. David Morgan Jones, Mr. Charles Leveson-Gower, Miss Maxine Scott, Mr. Peter Talbot-Ponsonby, Lady Elizabeth Stopford, Lady Anne Savile and her brother Viscount Pollington, Miss Julia Williamson, Miss Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory, Miss Mary Hays, Miss Margaret Pitman and a great many more who I have not the space to mention.

★ ★ ★

THE Ponies of Britain Club held what many people said was their most successful show ever, in the Silver Ring at the Royal Ascot race-course, on two days towards the end of last month. The Friday was

[Continued overleaf]



HURLINGHAM CRICKET

THE De Flamingo C.C. of Holland played the Free Foresters on the Hurlingham ground, in a match that recalled the heyday of country house cricket. Above, Mr. R. H. Woollocombe, Miss Caroline Gooden, Mr. B. W. Gooden and Miss Julie Vaughan-Hudson



Mr. R. J. Allen, Mr. R. J. Boughey and Mr. J. R. L. Hill

Dutch opening bats, Mr. A. Schuur and Mr. H. Stolk

marred by rain, but the Saturday was a lovely day, and entries were higher than they have ever been before. The Mountain and Moorland championship was again won for the second year in succession by Mr. John Jenner's fell mare Dalemair Columbine, and the supreme championship by Mrs. Phelps-Penry who is the owner of many a famous hack, with her brood mare Angela (a pony that is well known in the show ring and whom she had just bought from Mr. H. H. Crow) with a lovely foal by Arden Caple, that very good stallion belonging to the founder and organizing secretary of the Club, Mrs. Glenda Spooner. Most of the jumping events were won by Miss Sheila Barnes, sister of Tommy and Mary Barnes, who have both jumped for England, riding her bay pony Baccarat. Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, third daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, patron of the Club, was placed in the final of the jumping for the *Evening News* challenge cup, which was won by Sheila Barnes.

All members of the Ponies of Britain Club will feel very deeply the death of Miss Gladys Yule, which took place on the final afternoon of the show, at her home Hanstead House. She was chairman of the Club and its moving spirit, and her loss to it is irreplaceable.

★ ★ ★

FOR those who enjoy listening to poetry, Dame Edith Sitwell is tonight reading poetry at 8 p.m. at the Dorchester. This occasion has been organized in aid of the Stonor Chapel Restoration Fund.

Countess Jowitt and Mrs. John Profumo are joint chairmen of the world première of Charles Chaplin's new film *A King In New York*, at the Leicester Square Theatre on September 12. The première, for which tickets can be obtained from the Honorary Organizer, *A King In New York*, Vincent House, Vincent Square, S.W.1, is in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research and the Three Roses Society for Mentally Handicapped Children, both causes very near to the heart of most people. A new Chaplin picture is always a great event in the film world, and this will be no exception. Among the executive committee giving their support to the première are Mrs. Edward Sieff, Viscountess Monckton, Mrs. Anthony Acton, Earl Granville, Lady Elizabeth Clyde, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland and Mr. Edward Courage, Mrs. Tufton Beamish and Lady Daphne Straight, who have all worked extremely hard on behalf of Poliomyelitis Research.

★ ★ ★

A MICHAELMAS Ball on October 18 at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead, is being organized by the Ascot and Sunningdale district committee of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a very good cause. Lady Vestey is chairman of this ball, and helping her on the committee are Mrs. John Fleming who is honorary secretary, Mrs. Peter Cadbury and Mrs. Kenneth Kemble who are going to do the décor for the ball, Mrs. Sheila Tolhurst who is in charge of the flower arrangement, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Mrs. Haines, Mrs. Winslow Taylor and Mrs. Wingfield. The patrons of the ball include Countess Alexander of Tunis, Lady May Abel Smith, Lady Lever, the Marchioness of Willingdon and Lady Priscilla Aird. Tickets from Mrs. John Fleming, Hazelbury, Ascot.



Col. K. B. Stanley and Mr. P. A. Whitcombe, F.F., Hon. Sec. and captain



Miss Peggy Philbin, Miss Margaret Tennent and Mr. John Walsh



Mr. H. W. Glerum, De Flamingo captain, and Mrs. P. A. Whitcombe

Van Hallan



Debutantes Miss Gillian Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and Miss Undine Harrison, for whom the dance was given

Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, Bt., and his mother

Mr. Peter Govett and Miss Felicity Hall were two of the guests



Desmond O'Neill
Miss Rosemary Barry with
Mr. Tom Hustler



Mr. Malcolm Thirsk and Miss Lorne McKean

The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
SEPT. 4,
1957
415



Mr. D. P. Aykroyd and Miss Susan Coles

CALYPSO COMING-OUT

LADY Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and Mrs. Douglas Harrison gave a dance for their daughters Gillian and Undine at Coldwaltham House, Pulborough, when a calypso band played



Miss Patricia MacLean and Mr. Tim Lardner



OWEN WARD.

NO BUSINESS LIKE COUNTY SHOW BUSINESS

C. GORDON GLOVER describes the noble beasts and ignoble men encountered at any County Show, and warns the unwary of the hazards involved



WELL, that's that! Phew! Over for another year. Over for an indefinite number of years so far as *this* part of the county is concerned. The County Show has struck its tents, and—not so silently—stolen away. The yellow road-signs "To The Show" are no more, the patrolling police cars are patrolling somewhere else, the lanes are free of yellow-and-scarlet agricultural ironmongery arriving at, or departing from, the show ground. The ground itself, which was a sun-bitten hullabaloo of man and beast and bird for two exhilarating, punishing days, lies empty to the skies. The competing plants around the Trade Exhibits and the gasp-evoking displays of the Flower Show have been flogged. And that—phew!—is that. Only the lark sings a valediction to the departed multitude, and some forty thousand hangovers are no more than a memory of that which made them worth it.

The world-weary say that if you've seen one County Show you've seen the lot. Wild horses—Shire, Clydesdale, Percheron, Suffolk or Hunter—wouldn't, they say, drag them to another. Well, maybe they've got something. They *are* alike, from April in Ayrshire to September in wildest Westmorland; from the patrician cachet of "The Royal," the "Three Counties" and the "Bath and West" down to the smallest one-day stand of the most minor of minor counties. They *have* a sameness. That is, all but the one right at your own back-door. That one is very, very different!

You become aware of it perhaps two years before it arrives. Paragraphs in the local weekly hint at dissension among the councils of the County Agricultural Society in regard to the question of site. The one proposed in your own area is too small, too big, too shady, too exposed, too inaccessible, too something. And, anyway, how can it be laid down to grass in time? Retaliatory fire from the locality proclaims the splendour of the site, points out that this corner of the county—the pearl in the shell—has been too long passed by in the matter.

The mutterings die down. The "unsuitable-for-pigs-in-hot-weather" brigade fall silent. Likewise, for months and months, the "ideal-for-grand-ring-siting" crowd. Then, suddenly, about a year ahead, the decision is taken. The kettle is put on the hob, and it rises with an ineluctable fatalism to the boil. The Show is coming! Jolly good show! From all corners of the county the madmen who organize county shows begin to turn up the gas.

The County Show—to me, anyway—is a display of esoteric expertise which leaves me, untutored in matters of fertilizer, pig-drench, battery-birds, roto-spray and pedigree gasping with wonder. Just to think that so many people who look quite ordinary in saloon bars and at the wheels of convertibles should know so much about such curious things! Anyone—even me when the owner is not looking—can prod a fat pig with a red ticket blazoned with "First Award" suspended above its place of shady confinement. But how on earth such an impeccable and almost horse-sized pig was produced to be prodded—there comes my respectful genuflection before the man who knows.

The mammals on show belong to mythology, or are come alive from the pages of some medieval bestiary. They stupefy in their uneasy perfection. Their eyes, if cattle, shine with an unearthly luminosity; their backs, if sheep, are broad enough to spread

luncheon for four upon them; their stature, if pigs, rising to the class of the hippopotamus. And the heavy horses, their feet frilled with great curtains of living hair—these are not the homely Dobbins to which we are used at all. Like the sweet peas in the flower show, they humble us in our own efforts to understand such matters.

I find the living exhibits in the Grand Ring, or Judging Rings, to be awesome and intimidating. And I wonder to myself, as I *just* don't buy a greenhouse, a five-barred gate, two hundred yards of oak fencing and a £300 reed-thatch for the roof of the house, what these extraordinary creatures do with themselves when not being prodded or praised at county shows. Where *are* they all?

And where, come to that, are the lounge-suited men, far larger than life, who man the territories of their particular trade behind the peat-bedded banks of hydrangeas, stocks, petunias and salvias which beguile the passer-by to order a combine harvester or insure his holding for double its worth just for the whim of the moment? And can this sprightly, genial fellow stepping under his panama hat from a polished cedar-wood pavilion banked with tiger-lilies really be my bank manager? It is he, none other. Like everyone else upon exhibit here he is transfigured by the festive air of the occasion, almost tiptoe and in song to the compulsions of the Dagenham Girl Pipers who have succeeded the harness horses in the Grand Ring.

Bank manager, insurance agent, tractor salesman, bulk dealer in farm fertilizer—all these I know upon ordinary small-town days. Even a Dagenham Girl Piper, I daresay, can look quite prissy and dull in mufti! But here—they are larger than life.

Beware, all readers of inexperience, of the county show at your own back door. The casual "Don't forget to look us up at the show" from the seedsman who sustains your budgerigar or half-dozen hens can be the part-open portals of peril. "See you at the show, I hope," says the proprietor of the garage who repairs your punctures—and, incidentally, sells tractors as well throughout the neighbourhood. Beware of him, lurking behind the hydrangeas, and beware, too, of the insurance agent, the fertilizer fiend who drops into your local sometimes on his rounds, the chap who sold you half a ton of rockery stone last year.

Because there they are, all of them, bless them, and you know them. These people, elevated to the peerage of this Field of the Cloth of Gold, are anxious to reward you for past patronage. These, ladies and gentlemen, operating around their cold luncheons, running buffets and succulent teas, are your hosts. And they are unlikely—even should you proffer it—to take no for an answer.

"Just come in," they say, "and rest your weary feet. Now what is it going to be?"

I know, from past experience what it can very easily become. Not to put too fine a point upon it—a state of mind from which all the wild Suffolk Punch horses foaled could not drag you as the shades of evening fall, and the show ground is rosy with the beatitudes of sunset and well-being.

But, I declare—it is worth it. For what an expression of the countryside it all is! What watch-chains across the paunches of fat farmers, what fruit and flowers upon the bobbing bonnets of their ladies, what smiles upon the faces of the trading tigers!

But beware, lest you leave a cheque behind you for a cultivator or a rotor-scythe too large for your garden; or, most terrible of all, an order for a lawn of pure Cumberland turf. Possibly with the sheep to go with it!





ANNE KIMBELL is the young American actress who is playing opposite John McCallum in Lesley Storm's comedy *Roar Like A Dove*, which was due to open in Leeds earlier this week. Miss Kimbell has appeared on Broadway in *The Seven Year Itch*

Anthony Buckley



Roundabout

GETTING IN THE SWIM

Robert Morley

I HAVE never been able to understand why people worry so much about paint scratches and dented mudguards. Whenever my car strikes anything or is struck a glancing blow by another motorist I regard the scars with a certain satisfaction, reminding myself that if one of us has to get hurt I would rather it was the motor. Similarly I have never wanted to wash my car or polish it because I know that tomorrow it will be dull and dirty again and all my efforts will be wasted. The sight of a man sluicing himself and his car in some driveway fills me with a certain smug satisfaction. I feel that though I am wasting my time, he is squandering his.

But now that I have built a swimming pool I have no longer the time left to observe the folly of others. Every moment is concentrated on my new shining toy. There is always something to be done with a pool. I rise early in order to let in just that much fresh water to regulate the level and remove floating leaves via the overflow pipe. Then I start the filter plant . . . a system which I devised in a moment of madness and which really doesn't work at all satisfactorily. After that I sweep the bottom with a long-handled broom, snatch a quick breakfast and return to put in the various chemicals which are supposed to keep green slime from collecting round the sides.

The morning is spent skimming the surface, taking the temperature, adjusting the pump and removing twigs and small stones which are lying within a radius of twenty yards and may, if the wind gets up, vexatiously blow into the water while my back is turned.

AFTER lunch I usually stop and fiddle about with the pump and then perhaps sit for a few minutes reading "pool literature." This consists of advertisements of new kinds of paints and materials for correcting cracks in the concrete and catalogues from America of all the things you can't get in this country such as vacuum cleaners and alarm bells and plastic covers. When the children get back from school I spend my time seeing that if they must bathe they will at least do as little damage as possible, sternly refusing to let them sail boats or take anything with them into the water that isn't free of dust and gravel, and imploring them not to splash too much, or eat cherries round the sides. I have a completely new set of standards for judging both their friends and mine.

All I now ask of any new acquaintances is how they will behave in the water. I have, of course, a good many fewer friends, and one, from whom I was obliged to remove a cocktail glass which might easily have dropped and shattered although I must admit a good twenty yards from the water, became quite abusive. It is important, however, to keep up the standard, and when I stand in the early dawn gazing down into the opaque depths (for despite all my efforts the dust and grime continue to collect) I am sometimes even tempted to have a swim myself. But of course there is no time.

★ ★ ★

To write of a man that he is a kinsman of a duke and to add nothing by way of comment or description indicates either that you think little of his achievements or that you are on the staff of *The TATLER*. Finding myself in the latter predicament, at least temporarily, I would like to begin by paying a tribute to a paper which has amused and charmed me since I first learnt to look at picture books. There are still a few papers such as the *New Statesman*, the *New Yorker* and *The TATLER* which have managed to preserve their individuality by disciplining their contributors and imposing on them a uniformity of style. In the



"He should keep off the stuff if he wants to get rid of that gout"

FEMINIST'S CHANT

What is the Male Guarantor,
So much to the liking
Of building societies, banks?
Remote as a Viking
But firm as Gibraltar itself,
Pure gold to the core—
How I *wish* I could say that I knew
A real Male Guarantor!

For one must be found, though my brains
Are not slow to engage
And compete with his peers and I earn
A respectable wage.
What about Uncle Bill? No, alas,
He is combing a beach
Far away in Samoa. . . . Uncle George?
He is out of my reach
And devoted to mailbags. . . . Perhaps
Uncle Ethelbert, ten and four score?
No—too old and too vague and too broke
For a Male Guarantor.

Yet if I were a "petite amie"
And from rectitude lured
By a St. John's Wood flat on a lease,
Mink and diamonds (insured)
I should not have to worry. My task
Would be just to adore
My gentleman, whitewashed by banks
Into "Male Guarantor."

—Lorna Wood

case of The TATLER the discipline extends even to those whose photographs it sees fit to print. However desultory the occasion, however ill assorted the party may appear to the unobservant and to the misinformed who study these photographs, the captions underneath them continue to reassure.

Thus a husband and wife seated side by side in a restaurant and captured by the camera at a moment when life itself seems to have deserted them will be either "enjoying the cabaret" or "waiting to greet friends." A man and woman standing up in open country are either discussing the card, or watching the jumping; lying down they are usually described as having been caught in an interval between the events. Anyone sitting on a wagon or a shooting stick has found a vantage point. Indoors everyone is either chatting, sharing a joke, waiting for the fun to start, or for the guests to arrive (a nice distinction this, by the

way) or on their way to or from the tombola. Few other variations are permitted. But large groups, particularly if they contain flight commanders, are left more or less to their own devices as they sit round blinking into the flashlight bulbs. On the whole the effect created is that everything is going with a swing—not naturally the sort you find at a fairground, but the sort you buy for the garden covered with cretonne.

ALL this is very pleasant and I would be loath to see it otherwise, although the Editor might try once in a while (perhaps at Christmas) a nothing-but-the-truth number, and allow his subjects to write their own captions and comments underneath their pictures. Meanwhile the world would be a great deal more enjoyable if something of the party spirit and even some of the good manners which normally pervade these pages were to be found more in the national press.



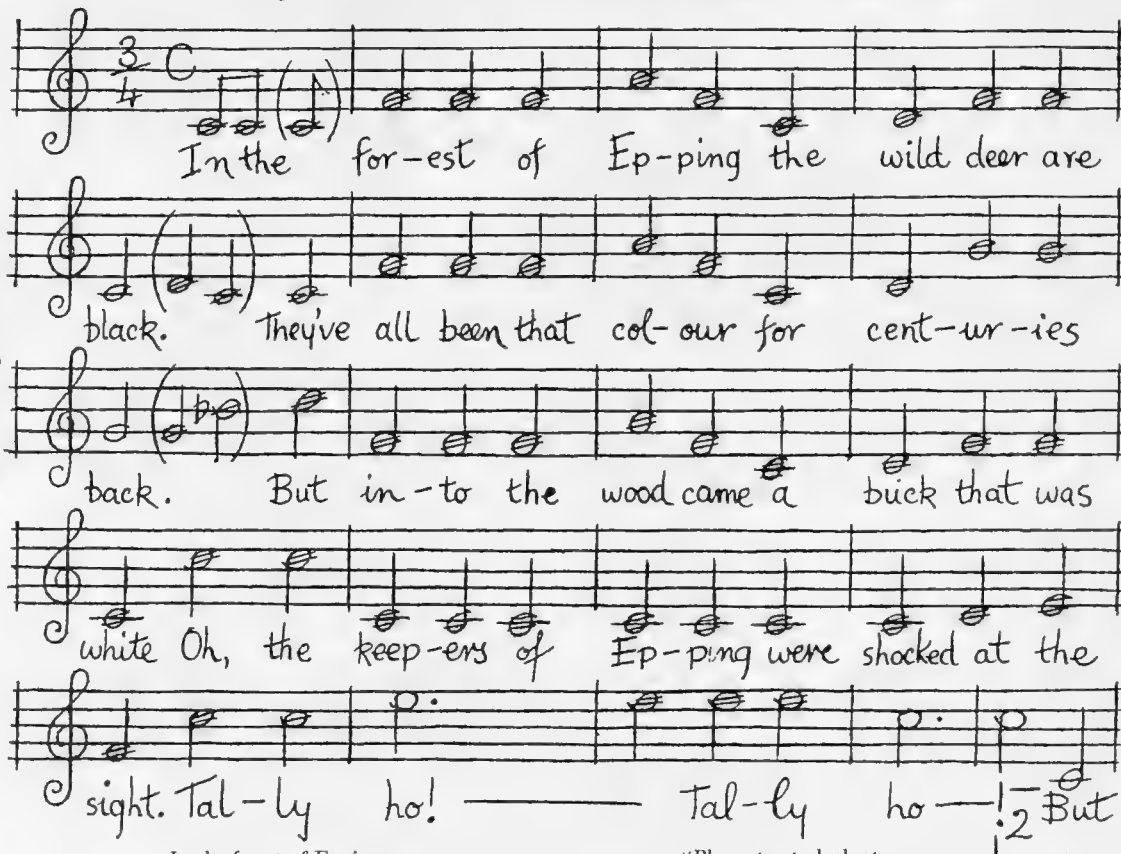
BRIGGS

by Graham



THE WHITE BUCK OF EPPING

SYDNEY CARTER presents in words and music a 20th-century ballad based on a widely publicised arboreal crisis



In the forest of Epping
The wild deer are black.
They've all been that colour
For centuries back.
But into the wood
Came a buck that was white.
Oh, the keepers of Epping
Were shocked at the sight.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

The does, they all followed
Wherever he went.
So up to headquarters
A message was sent:
"There's a white buck a-wandering
Where he should not.
And back came the answer:
"The buck must be shot."
Tally ho! Tally ho!

A fair forest maid
With a heart that was tender
And hair that was red
And a waist that was slender
Said, "Why should they shoot him?
I don't think it fair!
You can't blame a buck
For the hue of his hair."
Tally ho! Tally ho!

Up spake a colonel,
And he was a verderer:
"Madam, I'm sorry
You think I'm a murderer.
This is a black herd
And black it must stay.
Oh, the buck must be shot
If he won't go away."
Tally ho! Tally ho!

"Please try to look at
The matter more sanely.
I'll stalk him with care
And I'll kill him humanely.
You think I'm bloodthirsty,
But really, I'm not.
I'm an animal lover
And a jolly good shot."
Tally ho! Tally ho!

The good Duke of Bedford
Said, "If you can catch him,
In my herd at Woburn
I think I can match him.
He's welcome to Woburn,
And no one will shoot.
As long as he's healthy
I don't care a hoot."
Tally ho! Tally ho!

The white buck of Epping
Got into the papers
And even the Telly
Reported his capers.
Men came to take pictures,
But not many got 'em;
And England was split from
The top to the bottom.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

This is a story
That isn't yet over.
From Duncansbay Head
To the white cliffs of Dover
All eyes are on Epping:
They're wishing good luck—
To the colonel? Well, maybe,
But I'm for the buck!
Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!





The monument at Glenfinnan, Inverness-shire, erected by Alexander Macdonald in 1815, commemorates the '45

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
SEPT. 4,
1957
421*



Brodrick Haldane

GLENFINNAN GAMES

THE Glenfinnan Gathering inaugurated in 1945 was again held at the head of Loch Shiel. This year's Chief was Lt.-Col. D. H. Cameron of Lochiel, seen above with Mrs. Cameron-Head of Inverailort



Col. and Mrs. Duncan Sutherland



Mrs. Paddy Granlund and her daughter Corin



Mr. Victor Sutton and Miss Marguerette Herraghty



Col. Iain Taylor in company with Mrs. Taylor

Mrs. Cameron of Lochiel, her youngest son, John, Mr. Andrew Macdonald and Miss Anne Cameron



Mrs. Charles Farrell with her grandson, David Maclaren



Lady Wyatt was being escorted by Mr. Hugh Granlund



Paul Tanqueray

LESLIE CARON is filming in the musical version of "Gigi" which is being made in France. This photograph was taken in Maxim's, Paris. Miss Caron appeared in the British production of the play, which is taken from Colette's famous novel



Letter from Paris

A GOLDEN INTERVAL

THE return to Paris after the summer holidays is always exciting, although fond farewells at London Airport are vaguely reminiscent of being seen off to school, perhaps because they seem to contain the same mixture of regret mingled with thinly disguised relief. "In no time at all you'll be back for Christmas. . . ." "Well, you have stayed a nice *long* time this summer, haven't you?" But aeroplane departures have an advantage over trains, in that they are shorter and sharper. A solid door cuts us off from the outside world within a few moments of checking-in, so that there are none of those door-banging, whistle-blowing intervals that precede the slow drawing out of a train which, like unwelcome visitors, always makes several false starts before finally departing.

Aeroplanes are not encouraged to dally about like this; once on the runway they soar away, and there one is, floating above the gasometer at Staines as if on a magic carpet. On clear days it is even possible to see both sides of the Channel at once, and this God's-eye view of things can be fascinating, besides proving that there is some justification for maps looking as they do.

IN Paris, the end of August until mid-September is a kind of transitional period with a flavour all its own. Summer can be prolonged and autumn delayed, but *la rentrée*, like time and tide, waits for no man. It sets a full stop to long golden days on southern beaches, among oleander and lemon trees, or to clouds of rain blown across the wide skies of Brittany. Markets open, shops take down their shutters, and by the end of September life has once more become normal.

This year circumstances have brought me back to the city at a time when *la rentrée* is still only a tiny cloud upon the holiday horizon, and it is proving in many ways a rewarding experience. Driving through empty side-streets, which one last saw teeming with life, Paris suddenly appears mysterious and strange, a sort of Cité-au-Bois-Dormant. The house in which I live lies at the end of a long cobbled courtyard, close to one of the busiest shopping streets in the quarter, although it is so enclosed by gardens that it appears remote from all civilization. This courtyard is normally a hive of industry, and a pitfall to all people who, like myself, enjoy wasting time by watching things happen. It is filled with small sheds in which all kinds of pleasing activities take place, and I have passed many a happy half-hour in watching a marquetry desk being repaired, each piece fitting



Brodrick Haldane

GEORGES SIMENON, the famous Belgian author, with wife, photographed in Switzerland. Having recently returned from America, they hope to visit London this month



Tom Blau

JEAN ANOUILH with his daughter Catherine at the tiny resort of Erquy on the Breton coast, where the internationally celebrated playwright owns a holiday house

together like an intricate jigsaw puzzle. Next door there is an electrician, and next to that a garage where a very old car, deprived of most of the essential parts of its innards, was being repaired with loving care by various people with whose boots I was upon speaking terms, but whose faces were for ever concealed beneath the body. But now these sheds are all boarded up, and when I peered through a window, the car had vanished, so I can only hope it was triumphantly completed in time to bear its owners away to the sea or the mountains.

AFTER the strangeness has worn off, there is much that I enjoy about being back before anyone else. It is agreeable to settle in without being interrupted by the telephone, and asked to describe one's holiday, who was there and who was not, and why, while listening to a similar, even more detailed flow from the other end of the line. There is a certain satisfaction about opening the drawers of one's writing desk and finding them stuffed with old telephone messages and letters that cannot now be dealt with, as the events to which they refer all took place ages ago, in that dim and distant period prior to *les grandes vacances*. It is still possible to work with the big windows flung wide open upon the garden.

There are plenty of people to see, one way and another, those who left for their holidays early, or who have not been away at all, and who view one's comings and goings with a sardonic eye. But most of all I am glad to find Paris again, and in some ways am beginning to feel that I have never paid proper attention to it. Walking around the streets in my quarter I realize that the houses above the market are beautiful, and have shutters the colour of pigeon's feathers. But it takes the absence of the usual confusion of stalls and jostling crowds to make one notice them.

Walking will be more than ever necessary this winter, for taxi fares have risen again, thus proving that when it is a question of finance, what goes up never seems to come down, in spite of what Newton may have thought. The new tariffs displayed inside make it necessary to spend most of one's journey in performing anguished feats of mental arithmetic, but nothing will stop me from calling upon radio-cabs to convey me to the remoter parts of Paris on wet and windy nights. This is a prompt and

efficient service, and the drivers of the taxis are nearly always obliging, toiling to fifth floor apartments *sans ascenseur*, and even sitting upon suitcases in order to get them shut in time. For a short time last winter clients were entertained upon the intercom by an announcer who burst into song at intervals, while a frenzied woman with a voice like Edith Piaf doing an imitation of Donald Duck entered into the fray from time to time in order to rebuke him. This did not last long, but it would be a pity to forgo such entertainment on a winter's night for a mere economy of 10 per cent.

EACH time that I set out to walk without an objective my steps turn instinctively towards the river, the burnished dome of the Invalides and on across the Pont Alexandre into the shaded tunnel of the Cours la Reine. Once across the river, the avenues and boulevards are full enough, and any inhabitants left behind on the two islands must certainly be squeezed out of existence by the convoys of motor coaches parked around Notre Dame. The weather has been disagreeable for sightseeing, its brief intervals of sun cut across by squalls of cold rain that have emptied the terraces of the cafés, and filled the museums. The Lehman Collection at the Orangerie is still one of the most rewarding ways of spending a wet afternoon, but the Second Empire exhibition at the Musée Jacquemart-André, another favourite, has been temporarily closed for a few days while shots were being made there for a new film version of Colette's *Gigi*, this time with Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier.

One night this week I went out to dinner in the Bois, taking advantage of a sudden warm evening, for it is always enchanting to drive across the wood at night, coming upon the brightly lit restaurants strung out like golden balls among the dark trees.

Soon all the holidaymakers will be back; we shall be caught up in the flood as limpets on rocks are encircled by the tide. The theatres will soon be launching their winter campaign; no longer will it be necessary to walk miles and miles in search of a chemist, or a dry cleaner's, or a boulangerie that is open. All this will be very pleasant, but all the same I am glad that I have for once caught Paris off guard, as it were, and found her as sleepy and deserted as any provincial village at midday.

—Oriol Malet



'SHARE MY LETTUCE' (Lyric, Hammersmith). The successful *Cranks* revue showed the way, and this venture from Cambridge University follows closely in its footsteps. The members are virtually anonymous for, differentiated one from the other only by the colour of their suits, they become chameleon-like under the lighting. Left to right, above, they are Philip Gilbert, Roderick Cook, Kenneth Mason, John Prescott, Heather Linson, Barbara Evans, Maggie Smith and Kenneth Williams, who appears below in a piece of impressive character acting. Drawings by Glan Williams

At the Theatre

NEW SALAD FOR JADED PALATES

George Gulley

EVERY so often (a phrase which can be taken to mean infrequently) a new idea creeps into the entertainment business. In the case of *Share My Lettuce* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, the newcomer is more of a flavour than a precisely definable notion, but its basis is in the sly, just-off-target joke which even the brighter members of the audience are the *teeniest* bit slow in appreciating. This stranger, the child among us, therefore deserves a welcome even if he threatens to be a precious little beast when he gets older.

In strict order of merit this mild end-of-term 'varsity charade has two good new comedians and a fair sprinkling of sophisticated laughs to offer its patrons, which is reasonable value in a show opening at the tag end of a very silly Silly Season. Mr. Kenneth Williams, recently seen as the Dauphin in *The Lark*, is a notable new figure of fun, an expert in the "coo, look at Mabel, I think she's soppy and daft" type of joke approached crabwise with the aid of a Cambridge accent. Maggie Smith, his main support for the evening, has the advantage of being completely fresh in appearance and attack. She has neither the looks nor the voice of a lady television announcer on the one hand, nor the acid intensity of la Gingold on the other. She is simply Miss Smith, a name which may become memorable if she keeps up the good work.

IN a mistaken attempt to be different the producers have dressed their company in individual pastel shades, to which they adhere for the evening. Mr. Williams, for example, wears lettuce green regardless of his rôles. Miss Smith keeps to orange, Mr. Cook to grey and Mr. Gilbert to blue. There is no other identification on the programme and this is a dangerous practice with a show which presents a succession of ephemeral jokes. Who indeed was in an item called simply "Excuse Me"? Was it Miss Pink, and if so, who was she? (see other page) or Messrs. Grey and Brown (and what was the name of that girl in violet?).

Despite this disadvantage Mr. Williams is both memorable and funny when trapped by a bore offering small talk and peppermints in equal proportions, and excruciatingly comic when exposed as the owner of a tape machine who has been privately recording imagined triumphs over friends and enemies. He also manages to give an exceedingly witty representation of a nutmeg tree.

THERE is some fair off-beat music by Messrs. Keith Statham and Patrick Gowers to accompany this off-beat humour, and an original décor of revolving planes and stalactites by Disley Jones which on occasion heightens the right joke. The author is Bamber Gascoine, a young man who can capture all the silliness of contemporary youth and lampoon it with his own brand of wit.

If my treacherous memory for colours does not betray me, there was some agreeable modern dancing by Barbara Evans (Pink) and John Prescott (Maroon), and all eight members of the company give the *convenable* impression of having been an absolutely divine hit with the C.A.D.S. only a week or so ago. In this the first-night audience did them some disservice, for the rapturous reception of all items, good, bad and indifferent, from partisan camp followers (*Viola Tricolor*) can make even the keen critic suspicious of his judgment.

This is an entertainment for and by the young: it is sophisticated and frivolous, a logical successor to *Cranks*, and it makes a most agreeable change after too much angry retrospection. I hope there will be enough patrons who are young in heart to keep this lettuce flourishing for a season.

Perhaps, if it does succeed, the management will have sufficient funds to clean, redecorate and revitalize what must be the most repulsive stalls bar in the whole of London theatreland.



PAUL SCOFIELD is, despite his comparative youth, an actor who is able to depict admirably the attributes of age. All who saw him as the whisky priest in Graham Greene's *The Power And The Glory* will agree. At present he is managing with equal facility the middle-age of the murderer in *The Dead Secret* at the Phoenix Theatre by playwright Rodney Ackland. Photograph by Angus McBean





Miss Diana van der Hoop was staying at Ouchy-Lausanne with her father, Baron van der Hoop, with whom she was shortly going to Italy

Spending a short holiday with her aunt, Mme. Bibikoff, is Miss Tatiana Liakhoff, daughter of Col. Nichola Liakhoff. Miss Liakhoff works in London, while her parents live in Reading



The Duke of Pistoia and his wife, formerly the Princess Lydia Arenberg, on the balcony of their home, the Villa Cologny which has many heirloom

ON THE FAIR SHORES OF LAC LEMAN





This picture of Professor Derek Jackson and the Princess Ratibor was taken just after the announcement of their engagement. They will live in Lausanne



Comtesse Edouard Decazes in the garden of the Chateau de Mezery, Jouxrens-Mezery. The Comte and Comtesse have two small daughters

On the terrace above her lovely garden at L'Elysee is the Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues. By her first marriage to the late Marquis de Cramayel, the Comtesse has a son, the present Marquis



At the Pictures

YETI PROPULSION

IN the heights of the Himalayas, away up there on the roof of the world, live the Yetis. *The Abominable Snowman* is full of fascinating information about these strange beings who, if one can take a lama's word for it, are waiting patiently to inherit the earth when mankind has committed its final folly and blown itself to smithereens.

People only call them abominable because they leave huge and scary footprints in the snow—which is rather unfair as nobody's character should be judged by the size of their feet. The Yetis are, like the Pimpernel, demn'd elusive but they are not evil. They are very tall, say twice the size of a man, and live to a great age: their faces are wise and sorrowful and they utter melodious, mournful cries—possibly at the prospect of the awful responsibility they are one day to assume. I do not think they ever speak: apparently they do not need to as they can communicate by thought-transference. They are highly intelligent and possess mysterious occult powers—and if you go fooling around with them it's most unlikely that you'll survive.

Mr. Forrest Tucker, than whom nothing more abominable has ever been seen in Tibet, leads an expedition into the Himalayas with the object of trapping a Yeti. He talks pompously about extending the horizons of human knowledge but he is, in fact, just a common showman who hopes to make a fortune by exhibiting a Yeti on television—and if he can't exhibit it alive he's not above exhibiting it stuffed.

MR. PETER CUSHING, a civilized botanist who doesn't care much for Mr. Forrest, joins the expedition in the interests of science. He has been warned by an omniscient lama that the Yetis are not to be trifled with and he passes the warning on to Mr. Forrest—who ignores it and goes right out and shoots a Yeti dead. The mountains re-echo with the moaning of outraged Yetis—thirsting for vengeance. In the series of disasters that follow all the members of the expedition are killed—except Mr. Cushing: he survives, but the Yetis have wiped from his mind all memory of his encounter with them so it appears he has risked his life to no purpose.

Mr. Val Guest, directing the film, has preserved a wonderfully eerie atmosphere about it. Yetis are glimpsed but never fully seen—one senses their presence and shivers, which is so much more exciting than being confronted, as one so often is in the cinema, with some grotesque monster created by the "property" and make-up departments. The mountain scenery, in ice-cold black and white, is very fine.

TO my astonishment, Mr. Elvis Presley manages to arouse a certain sympathy in *Loving You*—a film which might well be autobiographical. A simple small-town boy who sings, strums a guitar and wiggles his hips for his own amusement, he is pounced upon by a wily woman press agent, Miss Elizabeth Scott, who is looking for a gimmick to put her ex-husband, Mr. Wendell Corey, a broken-down band-leader, back on his feet.

Miss Scott gets him sacked from his job as a van-driver and offers him one with Mr. Corey's band—and from then on ruthlessly exploits him as a sex symbol, which is something Mr. Presley never wanted to be. Somehow Mr. Presley makes one feel that this is probably what happened to him in real life—that he has been the victim of exploitation on the part of soulless persons with an eye to the main chance. Before one feels too sorry for him, one must remind oneself that he hasn't done too badly out of it—as his earnings enabled his father to retire at the age of thirty-nine.

For those who enjoy Mr. Presley's style of singing (I suppose it is a style) there are a score or so of songs—and though I found the young man entirely odious in his first film, I have to admit that in this one he seems to be not such a bad chap after all.

An excellent performance is given in the title rôle of *Man Of A Thousand Faces*—the somewhat long-drawn but refreshingly frank life story of Mr. Lon Chaney, who started his career on the stage and was a mime, clown and song-and-dance man before



JAMES CAGNEY in one of his impersonations of the late Lon Chaney, in *Man Of A Thousand Faces*, a tribute to a great mimic

LIZABETH SCOTT is a charming, but quite ruthless careerist, in *Loving You*, in which she stars with Elvis Presley





CARY GRANT encourages the haulage team from *The Pride And The Passion*, based on C. S. Forester's novel *The Gun*

he gravitated to moving pictures to scare the pants off us in such jolly pieces as *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* (1923) and *The Phantom Of The Opera* (1925).

Mr. Chaney's early domestic life was far from happy, largely through nobody's fault but his own. He neglected to tell his first wife (Miss Dorothy Malone) that his parents were deaf mutes and only sprang this surprise on her when she was about to have a baby. Fearing that their child might be born deaf (in fact he was not), she developed a strong and lasting dislike for husband. After she had ruined his career in the theatre by attempting to commit suicide at his side on the stage, he divorced her and went to Los Angeles to seek work in films.

The best part of this rather uncomfortable picture is that covering the early days of film-making, when Mr. Chaney was busily employed as an extra. What fun it was in those rough and ready times—how dull it is now that it is all organized.

Mr. Chaney scored his first success as the cripple in *The Miracle Man* (1919), rose to stardom as an expert in the grotesque and the macabre and remained at the top to the end.

Miss Jane Greer plays his patient second wife with sincerity, and a new young man, Mr. Robert J. Evans, makes an unusually pleasant impression as the great producer, Mr. Irving Thalberg. Mr. Chaney was obviously an uncommonly difficult man to get along with—and Mr. Cagney makes no bones about that. Neither does the film.

IN *Action Of The Tiger* Mr. Van Johnson figures as an American who uses his fast launch to smuggle Greek children out of Communist Albania. Mlle. Martine Carol, as a rich French woman, persuades him to smuggle her *into* the country so that she can look for her brother, a political prisoner there.

Mr. Johnson has a feeling that Mlle. Carol will cause trouble—and she does, even with the exotic bandit chief (extravagantly played by Mr. Herbert Lom) who befriends them. She also provides the one legitimate laugh in a picture which is otherwise only unintentionally risible. As Elvira said of Joan of Arc, "Actually, she's rather fun."

—Elsbeth Grant

SILVANA MANGANO goes fishing in the native style in *The Sea Wall*, which was filmed on location in Thailand, and in Rome,





Minsk: a new theatre is seen across the river

INTO MUSCOVY

PATRICK GREGORY, a well-known motorist, was recently among the parties which pioneered, for various organizations, the newly opened routes to the capital of Russia. He reports herewith



Russian lay-by where the motorist may rest
Zagorsk monastery and the town's approach



RARELY have I been more pleased to reach my destination than when my car came to a halt outside the Metropole Hotel in Moscow. The transcontinental journey had been conspicuous for two chief reasons: its monotony and the high average speed that could be maintained almost effortlessly as the hours ticked away.

With a companion I had gone to Russia to pioneer the highways that the Soviet has recently opened to British motorists on behalf of the Royal Automobile Club. We were, in fact, the first Britons to make the 4,316-mile trip from London to Moscow and back again.

Across the whole of Europe we encountered consistently good roads, marred only in East Germany and Poland where the highway, especially in the villages, was occasionally apt to degenerate abruptly into viciously uneven cobblestone pave. In Russia itself, a mild imitation of an autobahn cleaves its generously broad, ruler-straight course from Brest Litovsk, the compulsory entry point for visiting motorists, to Moscow. More than forty feet wide, this ribbon of asphalt is singularly lacking in bends or severe gradients. We traversed the whole of its length in top gear with the speedometer flicking between 70 and 80 m.p.h.

PETROL pumps, or "technical stations" as the garages are called, are few and far between. It is vital to carry extra fuel cans, whilst a comprehensive tool kit as well as plenty of spare parts and a good working knowledge of one's car are all essential. One has to rely completely on one's own resources in the event of a breakdown.

Of the three cities along the route, Brest Litovsk struck my irreverent mind as an unhappy marriage between Crewe and Aldershot: trains and troops were everywhere. Minsk cannot fail to impress anyone with the incredible extent of its postwar reconstruction after the ebb and flow of battle had reduced it to pulverized rubble. Smolensk, one of Russia's oldest cities, is rich in relics of yesterday.

Moscow itself is an enchanting city of contradictions. Incidentally, until I arrived there I never realized that the Red Square got its name not through any political associations, but because "Red" in Russian means "gay" or "colourful." Driving along its streets is a mixture of trial and error. Whilst you can filter right when the traffic light shows red, you are rarely, if ever, permitted to turn left at any intersection. Consequently you have to perform a complicated series of "back doubles" in a clockwise direction to achieve your ultimate destination. Horns are barred in Moscow, but the air resounds to the shrill whistles of the policemen as they blare their wrath at recalcitrant motorists or offenders afoot. In many of the broad main thoroughfares, a central section, marked by broken white lines, is reserved for V.I.P. cars, fire-engines, ambulances and such like.

I FOUND the Russian hotels scrupulously clean, though the furnishings are distinctly "utility" to Western eyes. The toilet facilities were a trifle primitive while the absence—outside Moscow—of any hot water made shaving and bathing a somewhat Spartan experience. Meals are notable for their tremendous bulk and the incredible slowness of the service. You need to set aside a good two hours for dinner.

Wines are numbered on a single, universal system. No. 3 on the list in Minsk is identical to No. 3 on the list in Moscow, whilst all are non-vintage. There are profuse apologies for a 1955 brew!

At a conservative estimate I calculate that a trip to Moscow by car lasting a month would cost about £250 for the driver—including petrol and oil—and £180 a head for each passenger. This takes into account, of course, £75 10s. payable in advance to Intourist's accredited travel agents in London for the thirteen days in the Soviet covering meals, hotels and the necessary services of an interpreter.



Victor Yorke

NEW FOREST PONY CAMP

FOR the twelfth year the New Forest Hants Branch of the Pony Club held its annual camp at Somerley Park. Almost 30 young people participated, learning sound horse sense

Saddling up is the most eagerly awaited order of the day, and the whole camp is seen (above) emerging from the harness room. The groom (below) gives Patricia Brain some useful hints drawn from a long experience



Bridget Wood was here on a water detail



Sheila Tall brushing down her mount

Elizabeth Lorena grooms her pony before setting out



Viscount Somerton with his brother, the Hon. Mark Agar



PERFORMING AT EDINBURGH

SIR JOHN BARBIROLI is seen rehearsing the Halle Orchestra with James Starker. The work they were performing was the Elgar Cello Concert. This was the piece chosen to open the Edinburgh Festival



HANS HABE has recently published "All My Sins" (Harrap 18s.), his autobiography. He is well known for his best seller, published in 1942, "A Thousand Shall Fall." It was about the collapse of France, and was a Book Society choice

Heinz Hering

Book Reviews

THE CANDID FRIEND

A BRILLIANT book of impressions is **A Regency Visitor** (Collins, 21s.). Here are letters written, during his English tour in the years 1826-1828, by an inveterate charmer: Prince Pückler-Muskau. All are addressed to the same lady, Lucy Countess of Pappenheim, lately the Prince's wife and since then instated as his motherly mistress and confidante. The relationship of this devoted pair was of an oddness which beats fiction: having run through his own and Lucy's fortune the hard-pressed Prince had been seized by a bright idea—why not obtain a divorce and marry an heiress? The first part of the programme was put through with the Countess's loyal collaboration. The hereditary absolute ruler of the small principality of Muskau, in Germany, then set sail for England—where heiresses, he heard, were thick on the ground.

The regularity of the letters Pückler-Muskau wrote home to Lucy shows the hold his ex-wife had on his heart. The bulky documents he sent her were, nonetheless, largely travelogues: he assumed that what interested him should interest her. The Prince, laying siege to London's fashionable world, reports upon what struck him extremely frankly. Of his power to secure an heiress he had no doubt; in fact it went without saying. Ladies he took in his stride; his one dangerous passion was of an entirely different sort—he spoke of himself as a victim of "parkomania." Landscape gardening enthralled him; it was in fact the extensive beautifications carried out by him in his park at Muskau which had brought about his financial crisis. Repton, great English garden designer, was virtually his god.

All this, background to *A Regency Visitor*, we learn from Miss E. M. Butler's wonderful introduction. Miss Butler also has edited the letters, and is the ideal person to do so: formerly Professor of German at Cambridge, she is the author of the only English biography of Prince Pückler-Muskau. "Rogue, rover and rake, he was also markedly eccentric," she tells us, "handsome, dashing and brave, a great traveller, a gifted writer." Miss Butler is at the deserved advantage of having, in a Berlin museum,

been through the original correspondence from which *A Regency Visitor* was evolved. The epistles actually reaching us have been censored (from the emotional point of view) not by Miss Butler but by the Prince himself! For, on second thoughts, he found his letters too good to reach the eye only of loving Lucy. Why not publish, that is to say cash in? He did so. It was in 1830 that the collection (at that time entitled *Letters Of A Dead Man*) swept a delighted Europe and reached America.

The Prince thus recouped by best-selling authorship on his unaccountable failure to land an heiress. For the England he reconnoitred was an ideal target for lively pens. In the late 1820s the leading power in Europe, at the height of the boom which followed on Waterloo, our island aroused immense curiosity and envy (if not admiration) in both the Continent and the New World. The ex-Prince Regent, now reigning as George IV, had, with those about him, a fabulous reputation for wealth, possible wickedness and elegance. All the rest of the nations were agog to hear of the goings-on. The Pückler-Muskau reportage went down like butter.

THE letters reach us in the precise and stylish English of their 1830 translator, Sarah Austin; a high-minded lady with whose affections the Prince, it appears, succeeded in trifling. The love-effusions to Lucy have been cut out, and the heiress-hunting motif also suppressed—ostensibly, the aim of our hero's visit is social purely, plus a (genuine) interest in the English aristocracy's parks and gardens. If we did not know what Miss Butler reveals to us in the beguilingly comical introduction, we modern readers should miss more than half the fun!

Though, even so, much would remain. The Prince is alert, witty and perspicacious. Gladly flattered, he was not easily fooled. And certainly it takes a foreigner to notice things—as to ourselves we take much for granted. He tells us far, far more of Regency England than any contemporary Englishman could have done. The value of *A Regency Visitor* is double: we swoop directly into a lively past, of which eloquent details are recounted and we look on our ancestors with an outside eye.

Racing, theatre-going, country house visiting, tours by road and the non-stop frequentation of London parties were among the Prince's diversions. He attended an opening of Parliament by the King, inspected a debtors' prison (extremely comfortable) and glittered his way through some political dinners. Among the "contacts" he made are historic figures. He considered the English upper classes to have bad manners; he decided that Englishwomen made good wives but were on the whole lacking in social brilliance. He liked all of country house life but the lack of privacy—he objected to having to talk at breakfast. He is constant, however, in praise of English breakfasts, beds, horses, civic upkeep and inns. A harbour, though a marvel to him, was London's club life, with particular reference to the armchairs:

The stranger must admire the refinement of convenience with which Englishmen sit: it must be confessed that a man who is ignorant of the ingenious English chairs, of every form and adapted to every degree of fatigue, indisposition, or constitutional peculiarity, really loses a large share of earthly enjoyment. It is a positive pleasure even to see an Englishman sit, or rather lie, in one of these couch-like chairs by the fireside.

★ ★ ★

I MUST say that *Strange Evil* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is not exactly a novel; equally neither space-fiction nor a fairy tale. The author, Jane Gaskell, is sixteen. I agree with the publishers that here is a book to be praised in its own right, not merely as a striking juvenile effort: the present "vogue for prodigies" could become a dangerous one. Certainly there is nothing flash-in-the-pan about the literary power of Jane Gaskell. *Genius* is a word one may use too soon: let me say simply that here blends burning imaginative vision with controlled prose style, and a power of story-telling many a veteran might envy.

The heroine Judith passes from Chelsea, via Victoria Station, into a non-earthly dimension where war goes on. Her companions a cousin and her fiancé who, nominally Italians, are in fact fairies. The overlap between natural and supernatural is subtly done. The loveliness of the realm in which they take her has a sinister undertone: *Strange Evil* is fraught with panic and beauty. I can only say, read it for yourself. So convincing a writer is Jane Gaskell that the most fantastic experience she recounts might seem to be happening to you or me.

—Elizabeth Bowen

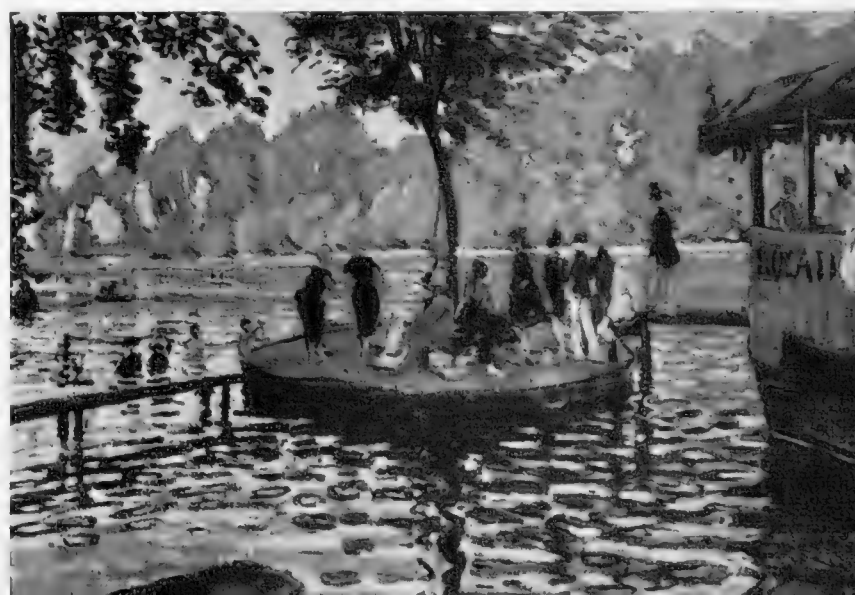


AN IMPORTANT EXHIBITION of the works of Claude Monet is being held by the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh for the Festival. Among the works included is "The River"



Another Monet exhibit, "Train In The Snow"

"La Grenouillere" is also at Edinburgh







Michel Molinare

A FRENCH fabric in black and beige herringbone is used for this suit (left) by Michael. Its style is that of a short jacket with wide square shoulders and short jacket length sleeves. It is photographed against two prints by Merlyn Evans at the St. George Gallery, Cork Street

LONDON COUTURE FOR DAYTIME

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

MATTLI'S dress and jacket (above) is in green and brown Linton tweed. This slim belted dress with threequarter sleeves is completed by a loose free box type jacket which has a half collar and lining of rich brown nutria



Michel Molinare

JOHN CAVANAGH'S coat in black wool is a comfortable loose single-breasted garment buttoning low. It has a softly curving shoulder line, and collar and cuffs of smooth panther. The publisher, the Hon. Robert Erskine, is seen examining an etching proof by Merlyn Evans

THE SLIM DRESS and jacket by Michael (right) is a black mole and white mixture wool tweed. The short semi-fitted jacket with a wide rever collar and jacket-length sleeves has a half belt and buttons in black suede



A SHIRTMAKER DRESS (right), simple and most attractive, is worn under the coat. This is made in rich gold lamé and is also designed by John Cavanagh



A MIDDY SUIT in black wool and rayon mixture comes from Hardy Amies. Tying at the waist it has a backwardly curving cowl collar. It has been photographed against Merlyn Evans's enormous etching press which was made in the year 1880





Michel Molinare

RONALD PATERSON'S dress (above) is in nigger brown. It is a slim skirted creation, having a slightly bloused bodice and a wide back-dipping decollete neckline which is filled in with pleated silk jersey matching the wool of the dress



SHEERLINE TWEED

THIS dress and matching jacket by Henri Gowns is at Marshall and Snelgrove. It is deep turquoise blue; the material is a soft wool tweed cloth. The fitted jacket (left) is distinguished by a half collar in honey brown beaver fur while the low side pockets are given further emphasis by crossed tabs. Dress and jacket cost 31 gns. Hat in stitched alabaster felt, £14 19s. 6d. Brown ostrich-skin handbag, £24 10s. The brown horse-skin gloves cost £2 7s. 6d.



John Adriaan

When worn on its own indoors (above) the dress is seen as a garment which, gently belted, is yet plain and simple in its slenderness. Its attraction is enhanced by its lack of fussiness. What decoration there is has been confined to the tabbed neckline and to the detail on the pockets. The deep turquoise blue bucket hat (left) is priced at £7 19s. 6d.



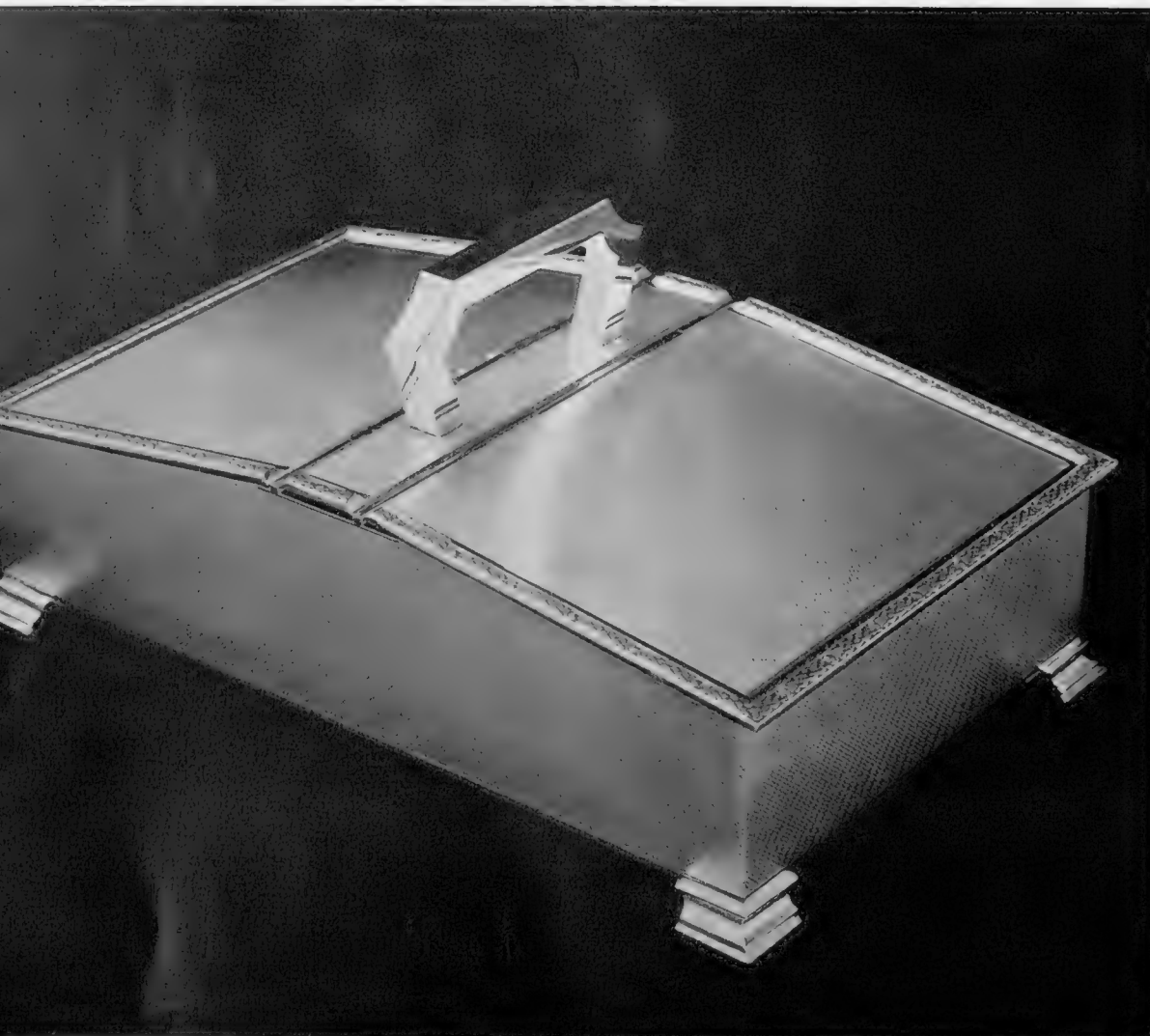
CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



This eight-day "world and zodiac" timepiece is an acquisition that all would like. Priced at £98 10s., it can be bought at Mappin and Webb of Regent Street

All for the man about the house

HOW easily we are ensnared, and how willingly, into contemplation of such gleaming luxuries as illustrate these pages. How desirous we become, and finally how proudly delighted we are when we have surrendered and bought them. — JEAN CLELAND



This is a gilt paper cutter which incorporates in its handle a thermometer. It is priced £7 17s. 6d. from Aspreys of Bond Street



Here is a most tasteful and charming sterling silver cigarette box, ideal to set off the table or desk. Mappin and Webb are stockists. It sells for £52 10s.



One can buy this black and white pottery ashtray, which is Italian styled, at Harrods for £2 2s.

A new idea is the "Travelux" rechargeable electric dry shaver which, recharged once a week, can be used without the mains. It costs £8 16s. at Simpson's



Simpson's shower soap is hung around the neck when taking a shower to prevent it falling into the water, always a vexatious happening. Price 8s. 6d. The sandalwood bath essence for men costs £1 15s.

Dennis Smith



A hide case containing a martini mixing set is the perfect travelling companion. Priced at £13 10s. 6d. it can be had at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly

Beauty

Some good new ideas

IT is nice to go away, but even nicer to come home. At the start of a holiday one can hardly wait to shake off the shackles of the daily round. After a rest and a change it is fun to pick up the threads again, and get news of all that has been happening in the interim. Returning from my holiday, I found my desk piled high with messages and letters concerning the varied activities in the world of beauty.

I was pleased to hear that Elizabeth Arden's new "male" range, "Arden for Men," has taken on in a big way. The story behind this latest venture is amusing. Women friends of Miss Arden, it appears, were continually complaining to "Elizabeth" that their husbands made merry with their bath luxuries. "I no sooner get new soap and bath salts to match it, than the soap dwindles, and the salts seem to disappear," said one. "My husband *loves* my Arden things," said another, "and he is terribly extravagant with them. I wish he had some of his own."

It was this wish, echoed by other plaintive wives, that decided Miss Arden. "He *shall* have his own," she said, and so it was that "Arden for Men" came into being. Brought out first in the U.S.A., the new range became an immediate success, and there is little doubt that this is being repeated over here.

YARDLEY's, too, can congratulate themselves on the way the new "Colour Constant" shades of Yardley powder have caught on. "Colour Constant" is so called because these new skin tone shades do not darken or change colour, do not streak, and do not clog or dry the skin. As Mrs. Olive Cato—Mary Foster to the Teenager Club—told me, under evening light or in bright sunshine they are indeed colour constant. The five new shades in the series are Rose Rachel, Special Rachel, Rose Pearl, Rose Peach and Mediterranean.

Recently made available for the British market is a range of French products called "Rouge et Noir." Amongst these are two creams of special interest. One, the "373" cold cream, serves



a double purpose: it can be used at night as a cleansing cream, and as a skin food. The second is a luxury face cream which contains the purest turtle oil. This is wonderfully enriching to the skin, and should be useful in after-summer treatment for nourishing a dry skin. Make-up in attractive shades can also be had in the "Rouge et Noir" series.

TALKING of make-up, I have been enjoying myself since my return from holiday trying out Coty's eye make-up, to which the latest addition is a new eyebrow pencil, which, up until now, was the missing link in an attractive range. There was the eye shadow, and the mascara, but no pencil. Now that this has been added, the trio is complete. The importance of the eyes as the most compelling feature in any scheme of make-up has long been recognized, and now there is no excuse for not making the most of their natural advantages. For those who are uncertain as to which shades of eye make-up to use, Coty's offer these suggestions: For blue eyes, blue eye shadow and blue mascara. For deep blue eyes, violet eye shadow and black mascara. For grey eyes, silver-blue eye shadow, blue mascara. For brown eyes, venetian green eye shadow, brown mascara. For hazel eyes, turquoise eye shadow, brown mascara. For green eyes, green No. 2 eye shadow, green mascara. The eyebrow pencil, which comes in an attractive gilt metal case, is in five shades, grey, blue, brown, green and black.

If you want something really smart and very original in lipstick cases, I suggest you take a look at Goya's new "Theatre Case," designed in Paris by Douglas Collins. In gold and black enamel—the first model of which Mr. Collins told me cost him 98,000 francs—it can now be had in the shops for 9s. 6d., with one interchange lipstick, or 13s. 6d. with two. The original part of the double case is that it can be used for two lipsticks (one for day and one for evening), or for one lipstick and a handbag phial of perfume.

The last piece of news this week is of a new cream-powder called "Sheer Elation," made to a non-drying formula by Dorothy Gray. Blended specially for dry skin, this will be welcomed by many whose complexions are of this type. While it is light in texture, it clings to the skin, and is excellent for quick touching-up. "Sheer Elation" comes in four attractive shades: Rose Glo, Peach Glo, Bronze Glo and Cream Glo. The complete case with creme-powder and puff costs 11s. 6d., and the refill 7s. 9d.



This beautifully designed evening compact is carried in an attractive case; it costs £7 15s., from Dickens and Jones

—Jean Cleland

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Rosalind Catherine Lovelace Harrison, only daughter of the late Rev. Edward Harrison and Mrs. E. G. Tilley, of Camberley, is to marry Mr. Hugh Richard Henry, second son of Brig. and Mrs. T. R. Henry, of Frinton-on-Sea, Essex

Fayer

Miss Pauline Legerton, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard M. Legerton, of Bowmans, London Colney, Herts, is to marry Mr. Alastair Hodge, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. M. Hodge, of Addial Bury, near Buntingford, Herts



Lettice



The Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, of Wonham Manor, Betchworth, Surrey, is to marry Mr. Joseph Czernin, only son of Count and Countess Franz Josef Czernin, of Seymour Place, London

Yevonde



Miss Carole Elizabeth Sawle Thomas, only daughter of Mrs. M. Sawle Thomas, of Thorpe, Surrey, and Dr. J. Sawle Thomas, of Harley Street, W.1, is to marry Sub-Lt. M. D. Sizeland, Royal Navy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Sizeland, of Wetherby, Yorkshire



Lenore

Soames—Hopton Scott. Mr. Robin Soames, youngest son of the late Lt.-Col. A. A. Soames and of Mrs. Soames, of Chappel, Colchester, married Miss Susan Hopton Scott, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. F. C. Hopton Scott, of Orsett, Essex, at St. Peter's, Eaton Sq.

RECENTLY MARRIED



Fayer

Alliott—Beckles. Mr. John Downes Alliott, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Alliott, of Stowting, near Ashford, Kent, married Miss Patsy Beckles, twin daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Beckles, and stepdaughter of Mrs. Beckles, of Chesterfield House, W.1, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, London

Logan—Everts. Mr. Donald Logan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Logan, of Sidcup, Kent, married Mlle. Irene Jocelyne Everts, daughter of the late M. Robert Everts, Ambassadeur de Belgique, and of Mme. Everts, of Chaussée de Charleroi, Brussels, Belgium, at Christ Church, Brussels, Belgium

Barker—Redman. Lt. Nicholas John Barker, R.N., son of the late Lt./Cdr. and Mrs. J. F. Barker, of Cliff House, Kingsand, Cornwall, married Miss Elizabeth Venetia Hazel Redman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. S. Redman, of Withmarsh, Yelverton, at the Church of Our Lady, Tavistock





Lord Allendale's Tenterhooks,
E. Britt up

Racing

COMING PROSPECTS AT DONCASTER



Lt.-Col. Giles Loder's Arctic Explorer
ridden by Lester Piggott

RECENT developments have caused us to alter our opinion radically on the subject of the St. Leger—which, only a few weeks ago, was generally regarded as virtually a match between Crepello and the Italian champion, Braque. This should, indeed, have proved a memorable race, for owners and trainers of both horses were convinced that they were of exceptional class. Braque is being reserved for The Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris next month, but it seems doubtful whether we shall ever see Crepello on our racecourses again. This is disappointing, for, on the strength of only two races this year, it is difficult to gauge his precise merit, or to measure him against such postwar leaders as Pinza, Never Say Die and Tulyar.

The York results have had their bearing on the St. Leger betting, particularly in the case of Noel Murless's second string, Arctic Explorer, and the Irish Derby winner, Ballymoss. On the yielding going at York, these two were slammed by Mr. William Humble's Brioche, who turned the Ascot placings on Arctic Explorer to sensational disadvantage.

It must have been a difficult task for both Capt. Elsey and Edgar Britt to choose between Brioche and Tenterhooks, who was spared a hard race in the testing conditions at York. Certainly—whether his objective be the St. Leger or the Doncaster Cup—Lord Allendale's colt has established claims to be considered the outstanding stayer of his generation. As winner of the Ascot Gold Vase and the Goodwood Cup, there is no doubt about his stamina—always an important consideration over the long Doncaster straight, which has found staying limitations so often in the past. And one should certainly not, in the light of York form, ignore the chance of the French colt, Sertorius.

THIS will be the last year of the Doncaster Yearling Sales, and it seems inevitable that the character and interest of the meeting must suffer. The famous sales attract a heterogeneous group of sportsmen from many parts of the world, and the trim and tidy villas around Town Moor Avenue are the scene of innumerable gay parties which last far into the night.

But what a strenuous four days they are! Up at 7 a.m. in the hope of seeing St. Leger or Cup horses at exercise on Town Moor. Breakfast at 8.30 a.m. Then to the morning sessions of the sales at 9.30 a.m. until midday. There is just time to change clothes, snatch a quick lunch and go racing until 5 o'clock.

By 5.30 p.m., the bell will be ringing in the Glasgow Paddocks—the signal that the evening session of the Yearling Sales is about to begin. These continue until dusk, to be followed by cocktails and dinner parties and visits to friends, or perhaps a tour of the celebrated annual fair. By midnight, games of bridge, canasta or even chemin-de-fer will be in full swing, and one is lucky to find one's bed for another two or three hours. Small wonder that American bidders on "the morning after" often experience difficulty in translating dollars into guineas!

DUTIES at the sale rostrums are divided between the three partners of Messrs. Tattersall—dapper, incisive Kenneth Watt, the cogent John Coventry, and the youngest director, Michael Watt. They sell, on average, a yearling every three minutes—twenty to the hour. It is not surprising, therefore, that the phrase most commonly heard from the rostrum when bidders are slow and indecisive should be: "I can't dwell."

Stud farms from Ireland and all over England are represented, and there is always keen competition to see which stud can obtain the highest individual price and the best average. The leaders are usually Sir Richard Sykes and Marcus Wickham Boynton from Yorkshire, Mr. Edgar Cooper Bland from Saxon Street near Newmarket, and the three famous Irish studs controlled by Mrs. McCall, Mr. Roderick More O'Ferrall and Lord Dunraven.

One can, with confidence, prophesy keen demand for the produce of Court Martial, whose son Promulgation appears to be best of this year's two-year-old colts. One Court Martial comes from the Sezincote Stud, high up in the Cotswold hills, and the only other is submitted by the Earl of Dunraven, product of a mating with the Bahram mare, Florida Moon.

An unusual feature this year is the appearance of so many American-bred sires in the catalogue—Black Tarquin, Fervent, the Kentucky Derby winner Hill Gail and Relic—to mention only four. Breeders appreciate the sturdiness of these hard-raced horses, who have received recognition in the stud book since the repeal of the "Jersey Act." A dozen French and four Italians are also listed in the catalogue as progenitors of yearlings for sale during the week—an instance of the way our leading breeders are endeavouring to absorb and cope with the constantly renewed threat from foreign blood lines.

What should one look for in buying a yearling? Pedigree? Form? Movement? Or just because it has got a nice friendly face? The experts would argue the first three points all day in these Glasgow Paddocks, set so unexpectedly in the heart of Doncaster's grimy slum area.

But it has been for more than a hundred years an integral part of our racing scene, with miners rubbing shoulders with dukes, the sharp insistent rap of the auctioneer's hammer, and, in every corner, the lilting sound of the Irish brogue extolling the virtues of "the finest batch of yearlings ever sent out of the auld country!" H'mm. . . .

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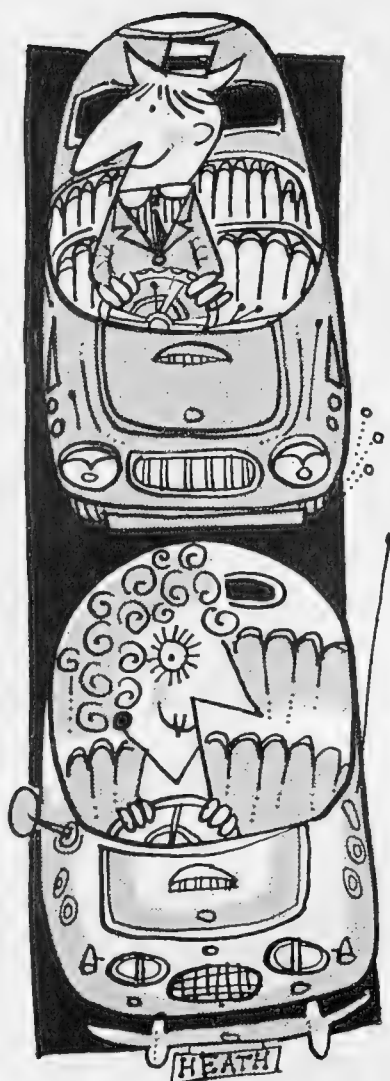


THE NEW ALL-STEEL Morris Oxford Traveller Series IV possesses a modern body style, sturdy yet streamlined, and is designed for both business and pleasure motoring. The four doors give this motor car the comfort of a saloon, without reducing the generous luggage space. It costs £998 17s. including Purchase Tax

Motoring

BRITAIN'S RECORD OF SUCCESSES

Oliver Stewart



It will be a little difficult for the critics to raise their annual scare about the future of the British motor industry this year. Trading results in the export market are good, and in the field of sport British cars have at last shown themselves to be of as high technical quality and as of advanced design as any in the world. Jaguar and Aston Martin have done their work well in the big international contests, and in the Grand Prix bracket there has been the unforgettable effort of the Vanwall.

Motoring records do not, perhaps, have the larger impact of racing successes, for the conditions under which they are made are artificial and farther divorced from ordinary motoring than the conditions of a road race. None the less, the new Class G records obtained by Tommy Wisdom and David Ash with a British Motor Corporation car fitted with an engine basically similar to that used in the Austin A35 and in the Morris Minor 1000 are worthy of special comment.

It will be recalled that the average speed for the 12 hours was 118.13 miles an hour; but the more remarkable thing is the report that the fuel consumption worked out at 49.8 miles a gallon. This was such a remarkable figure for the speed that I wondered at first whether somebody had got caught with the old difficulties of converting United States gallons to British imperial gallons, and I made an additional check. The engine is a four-cylinder unit of 948 cubic centimetres capacity. A really fine achievement.

THAT automatic transmission problem becomes more and more insistent. After driving many semi-automatic transmissions I must modify my views upon their desirability. Originally I thought that a semi-automatic transmission was of small value and I advocated either a fully automatic transmission or else the ordinary clutch and gearbox. My conversion began with the Ferlec clutch, now fitted to several French cars, and has continued with the new Mercedes hydro-automatic clutch.

As traffic conditions worsen—and the road-building programme is such that they must continue to worsen for many years—the physical effort of working a clutch pedal for the repeated starts and stops becomes appreciable. Driving with any good automatic clutch in heavy traffic is relatively easy going. The Mercedes-Benz 300 has not only the hydro-automatic clutch, but also a modified fuel injection system. The clutch can also be fitted to the six-cylinder 219 and to the 220 S models.

With the Mercedes clutch the driver concerns himself solely with moving the gear lever. The other variables—road speed and engine speed—are taken care of so that resumption of the drive is smooth. This clutch does not prevent the engine from being used as a brake as in ordinary transmission systems on an incline.

ANOTHER car of German origin, though in a totally different category, has been subjected to improvements recently; this is the Volkswagen. Perhaps the most important of the modifications are those having to do with driver vision. Thus the windscreen has been enlarged and the front pillars made somewhat slimmer. The windscreen wiper blades have been lengthened and re-positioned and a new wiper motor fitted.

There are other minor changes; but it must be remembered that the head of the Volkswagen concern, when he has been in England, has always emphasized that the validity of the Volkswagen concept lies in a basic design which is not changed and good service everywhere in the world where the car is used.

Everybody likes to see design changes making use of new ideas and new techniques. The interest of motoring lies largely in the way different makers introduce these things. It has often happened that a bad design has been turned into a first-class car by good development work and a good design has failed through lack of development work.

The R.A.C. suggests...

The prime cause of premature clutch wear is "riding the clutch." Some drivers have the habit of keeping their car in gear at traffic-lights with the clutch just at "biting point." It is a habit which causes premature wear and can also be dangerous.

Again, some drivers "ride the clutch" whilst the car is in motion, that is, their foot is always touching the clutch pedal.

The result can only be harmful to the clutch mechanism.

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DINING OUT

A tale of two cities

YOU may shy away from smart restaurants and prefer water to wine, but there would still be no reason for you not to read *La Maison*, the history of Prunier's, by Madame Prunier (Longmans Green & Co., 21s.).

It is not only the story of a world-famous restaurant, of how Madame Prunier's grandfather and his wife started a small restaurant in the rue d'Antin in 1872, to be followed by their son Emile when Maison Prunier had moved to the rue Duphot where he brought it to even greater fame, which was maintained by his daughter and her husband, Jean Barnagand-Prunier, when they succeeded him. It is history. It covers the last eighty-five years, a period which has seen vast social changes, two world wars, the introduction of the automobile, the aeroplane and the atomic bomb.

THE Visitors' Books in Paris and in London read like an international Who's Who. In the early days in France the restaurant swarmed with Grand Dukes, European royalty, and the leading politicians, actors, actresses, authors and artists of the day. This book abounds in anecdotes about them.

It was the same in London, everybody went there. Constant visitors were Lloyd George, Douglas Fairbanks, the Prince of Wales, Lord Burghley, the King and Queen of Siam, Madeleine Carroll and Baronne d'Erlanger, Carol of Rumania, the Aga Khan, René Clair, Noël Coward, and, in the last two years, Lennox Boyd, Aneurin Bevan, Charles Chaplin, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Alec Guinness—one could go on indefinitely.

The chapter on how Madame kept the restaurant in St. James's going during the war makes exciting reading, with the popular pigeon pâté being made of rooks, the mayonnaise with powdered eggs, mock cream from soya beans and the butter ration extended by mixing it with whale oil. With courage and tenacity Prunier's survived.

The book ends with the menu for a lunch given to celebrate the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth for which Sir Alan Herbert wrote some special verses in French and English.

EARLY in 1954 Madame Prunier was created a Chevalier of the Légion of Honneur.

She remembers some thirty years ago standing one evening in front of Prunier's in the rue Duphot with her father when he said, "It's true, it's cost me a lot of work, it's cost me a lot of worry, but what a magnificent business it is, *Quelle belle maison!*"

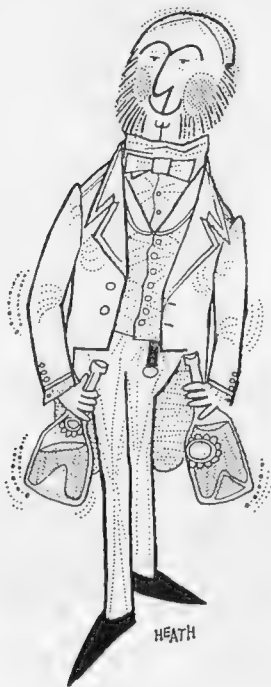
Madame could well stand in front of Prunier's in St. James's and repeat those words.

—I. Bickerstaff



LOUIS MONNICKENDAM, proprietor of Verrey's in Regent Street, has been in the catering business all his life. Verrey's was originally an eighteenth-century tavern, but has been a restaurant since 1842. The proprietor, who bought the restaurant in 1940, has recently given it a new and brighter look; his idea is that it should have the atmosphere of a Parisian bar-grill. The chef is French, and Mr. Monnickendam himself goes to France each year to buy his own wines, a feature of the restaurant.

DINING IN

Master chef of haute cuisine

ANYONE who may have read these notes could not have failed to observe my devotion to Escoffier's *A Guide To Modern Cookery*. Though this book was intended, primarily, for chefs, any enthusiastic amateur cook could understand and learn from it as from no other book in the English language.

Escoffier had the help of two top-flight chefs, who probably relieved him of the drudgery of the work. Every recipe was tested—not once, but many times. There were no suppositions, only truths, and this, for men devoted to the artistic as well as the practical side of their craft, was a truly great achievement.

I never tire of reading the Guide for sheer pleasure, but I have always felt that it was just a little difficult for some people to follow, simply because all quantities were written in full. Now, in the 1957 edition, re-edited by Eugene Herbodeau, who worked under the Master at the Carlton Hotel (Heinemann, 50s.), words have been replaced by numbers. This small improvement alone has clarified the work beyond belief. By this simple means fifty pages have been saved! Other changes are that the titles of the various dishes on every page start from the left-hand margin and the new type is clearer.

HERE are two quotations from the Guide which illustrate the thorough common sense of the great little Escoffier.

Writing of the neglect of certain excellent salt-water fish which are not nearly as popular as they deserve to be and never appear on a menu of any consequence, he says:

"No doubt, Fashion—ever illogical and wayward—exercises her tyrannical sway here, as in other matters of opinion; for it will be found, even when the distinctions among fish are once established, that there exist a host of incongruities in the unwritten law. Fresh cod is a case in point; should this fish appear on the menu of a grand dinner given by royalty, the guests would not think it at all out of place; but if the chef of a large modern hotel ventured to include it among the items of a plain table d'hôte dinner he would probably incur the scorn and indignation of his clientele."

This example shows that the culinary value of the fish has far less to do with the vogue the latter enjoys than the very often freakish whims of the public.

OF Roasts, he writes:

"Recipes may be consummate in detail and in accuracy, and still they will be found wanting in the matter of roasts; for experience alone can tell the operator whether the joint he is treating be old or young, fresh or stale; whether it must be cooked quickly or slowly, and all the theories that I might advance on this subject, though perhaps they might not be useless, would at least prove impracticable nine times out of ten. . . . Nothing can be made precise in the matter; long practice alone, away from books, will teach it; for book-rules can only be understood when the light of practical knowledge is focused upon them."

Wise words, indeed!

—Helen Burke



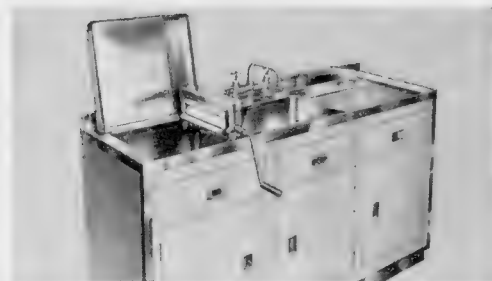
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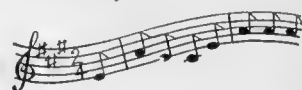
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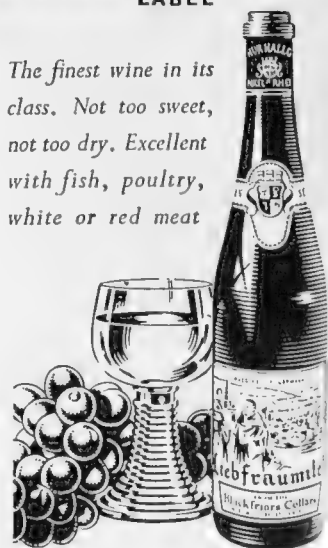
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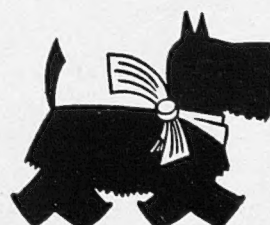
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